MONKEY CROUCH

A story of the racetrack when Tod Sloan was still riding a broomstick around Kokomo, Ind., and another boy, according to Kentucky tradition, originated the "American seat

BY IONATHAN BROOKS.

"Gangway: screamed cracket some son, wildest rider of wild days on the turf. He clawed and tore at the head of Wastrel, a crazy black stallion, and literally jammed the big horse into the too small space between

son, wildest rider of wild days on the turf. He clawed and tore at the head of Wastrel, a crazy black stallion, and literally jammed the big lorse not the too small space between the sallion of the too small space between the sall is throat with the coffer of the cold water, to tell whether the coffer the boy scald his throat with the coffer. "Fust y'all get th'owed off in a hoss, nen y'all git th'owed off in a freight train. Call yo'se's a jockey, way, on toward the wire. Jud Jefferson had no recourse with Little Jumbo went the horse for an extra ounce of speed, but Little Jumbo had not encourse with Little Jumbo went to hold him up. There was a sickening crash, a wild scattering of railbirds, and then Wastrel swinging clear, pounded on nose out the wavering Thimble at the wire. Cracker Johnson did not look back.

When Little Jumbo went down on the rail, Jud was thrown thirty feet through the air like a pebble from a sling shot. A black-headed ball of fire in his scarlet silks, the little darky landed on his neck and shoulders, in the infie

now a piece of utterly ruined horseflesh. A horse was a horse, but what was one black jockey, more or less? Jud Jefferson did not rise until startled to his senses by a pistol shot.

Then he shook his builet head, rubbed his eyes in a daze, and slowly clambered to his feet. He stood quiet a moment, trying to understand.

"Looks mo' like the old hoss every day, too, Nub. Same head, same long barrel and big lung box. If he's got the same courage and speed, we'll win the Kentucky Colonel Stakes this year." "Git this snow off n the groun, so's we kin wuhk 'im plenty, and that race's good as in right now, jedge."

After an hour's inspection trip through

to and roundly berated a third party for an effort at peace making, Kentuckians got together in whole-souled resentment of Wilson T. Willoughby for stepping in between the old rivals. Unable to visit their wrath upon his head, they took it out in conbolidation of their loyalty and support behind Judge Parker and the colt Longboy. Old Nub Shanks found advice and suggestions galore with regard to the conditioning of Longboy rolling in upon him from trainers, ex-sockeys and others that had never failed to deride his best efforts in the past. The boy Gallagher, erratic and Irish, bubbled over with enthusiasm and other volatile stuff as new friends offered him tips on the best way to ride to beat Ten Brush.

cronies in the haunts of the jockeys the day before the race, but huddled about the Parker stalls. Gallagher, on the other hand, was out among the boys at every opportunity. In the ferencen he fell into a crap game and won thirty-eight dollars. When he won thirty-eight dollars. When he left the game he left with Cracker Johnson, who was bewailing his own ill luck.

"Everything's goin' against me," said the Cracker. "Had a bad winter down south, and first day I light

here I lose my money on the bones. Boss said yesterday if I couldn't win a race tomorrow, he'd fire me cold. Contract or no contract, he says, I'm

"What race y' in?" asked Gallagher, sympathetically.
"Them Kuhnel Stakes. ridin' Ten Brush." replied the Cracker.
"No chance." Gallagher said positively. "I'm in that race on the winner. This Longboy's in already. Might as well leave your horse in the barn for all the good he'll do you."
"Well, on the other hand, it might do you a lot of good if Longboy didn't win." said Cracker Johnson pointedy, taking a new tack and dropping the sympathy gag.
"Don't interest me a-tal," declared Gallagher, pulling away.
He reported the incident to Judge Parker, whose wrath bolled over mightily. Colonel Taylor was for reporting to the stewards immediately, but this Judge Parker refused to do.
"Kudge, let me tell the stewa'ds of this mattuh." begged Colonel Taylor."The judges ought to know it, regahdless of the outcome of the race. I can handle it without emberrasment to

yo."

"Not fo' a minute, kuhnel," replied the judge.

He declared he would count on Longboy's legs and lungs to beat Willoughby and Ten Brush. He warned Gallagher to stay away from the other Jockeys, and especially to avoid Cracker Johnson and the others in the Willoughby cutfit.

Gallagher agreed, but that night he fell from grace. Out among the boys again, he drank several drinks, more drinks than he could assimilate. The next morning his head was pounding as hard as the wheels of the locked freight car that wes carrying him in the direction of Norfolk, Va. Gallagher was kidnapped, clean, with no evidence left behind him.

Pickling and kidnapping a jockey is one of the ancient and dishonorable

one of the ancient and dishe tricks of the track. Among metro-politan stables it is not of great effect, but when worked against a country owner who in all likelihood has only one jockey, it usually gets the desired result. Johnson and the Willoughby outfit must have thought Judge Parker had no other jockey. They probably thought, too, that no other boy than Gallagher had ever had a leg



"JEDGE," SPUTTERED JUD, "TRAT JOCK THREW ME AT NYAWL'NS. ALL AR WANTS IS TO BEAT HIM, AND BEAT HIM RIGHT."

reach.'

"It doesn't mattuh if he sits between the colt's ears, judge, so long as he gets the best the colt has in him." replied the colonel. "He makes the othuh boys look like they are ridin' hobby hosses, with the saddles in the middle of theah backs." There was some raillery in the

stands at the expense of the judge, who took it good-humoredly. More eyes were on the track, however, than upon him.

Ranging before the barrier, with the seven colts moving restlessly about, Cracker Johnson tried once more to upeet Jud's grip on himself. "'F I didn't kill yuh at N'yawl'ns." he said as Ten Brush backed and plunged alongside the placid Longboy. 'Til get yuh up here, nigger. We've gotta lotta money up on this race, and we're gonna win it. Bee?"

Jud. paying no heed whatever, kept an eve on the starter. "They're off." screamed that part of

the crowd that took in the race with its lungs rather than its eyes. More observant enthusiasts noted that Lengboy, with the crouching little darky hunched out over his shoulders and mane, had broken well up to the front and was already in full stride

did not tell me the name, but let me the name, but let me then have of think his client was one of ou people hear in the comment of the mean of the me

The game Ten Brush took the punishment and gave the best he had. His wild burst of speed gave the Cracker a last terrific dash.

ish riding without the whip. "Longboy, Longboy," crooned the

'C'm along home." Out on Longboy's neck he crouched,

the wire Ten Brush's red nose showed already up ;that is, her position has side by side with Longboy's black changed from reclining to sitting. side by side with Longboy's black changed from recilining to sitting. But as soon as she observes that you are really awake she hands you boy's shoulders and jerk him home. Hurtling toward the wire, the boy freed the weary colt of his weight for an instant. Then with an effort an instant. Then with an effort worthy a giant, little Jud literally bounding and chopping, returns with the breakfast.

a jockey riding on the tip of a hoss's nose, suh, if he sees fit."

Willoughby look at at the Cracker, and Johnson look at back at his employer. Downcast, they turned and left the inclosure. At the foot of the steps, glowering at the crowd assembled in the track, they met Colonel Taylor, who had rounded up Judge Parker and little Judgen Defferson, to have them handy in case of any emergency in the judges stand. Colonel Taylor noted the expression on Willbughby's face, and turned to Judge Parker, snubbing Willoughby cold.

"Judge," he said in a firm tone, the thing that interests me most is what

thing that interests me most is what, yo' boy whispuh'd in that colt's eah."
"What did you say, boy?" asked the

"What did you say, boy?" asked the judge, smiling.
"Ah nevuh said nothin'," replied little Jud, grinning broadly at Johnson as the Crack er shook a dirty fist and snarled at him in passing, "cept jus' once, comin' home."
"What was that?"
"Ah said: "Longboy, us is racin' fo' "Ah said: "Lon rboy, us is racin' fo' white folks. Git out I'm unduh me now, ah' ack like a white folk's hoss." (Copyrij:ht, 1921.)

The Age of a Fish.

A FISH tells its age by its scales, A just as a tree does by the growth rings in its wood. The fish scale persists, in general, throughout the life of the fish and grows in proportion with the rest of the fish, principally by additions around its border. At intervalthere is produced at the growing edge a delicate ridge upon the surface of tascale. During the period of rapid growth in the fish the ridges are widely separated, while during the slow growth n fall and winter the ridges are crowded close together, forming a dense band.

close together, forming a dense band.

The bureau of fisheries says that a certain method of determining the acof salmon has been developed in recent years through the adaptation by American scientists of the discovery by European investigators that the ridges observed on the scales of certain fished indicated a period of growth of the animal itself. Dr. Charles H. Gilbert of Stanford University applied this method to the determination of the ago of the various species of Pacific salmon. He said that while the method is new as regards Pacific salmon, it has been experimentally tested and fully approved by the fisheries board of Scotland in the case of the Atlantic salmon, and is now universally accepted as furnishthe case of the Atlantic salmon, and is now universally accepted as furnishing reliable data as to the age and any other facts in the life history of that fish. It has also been shown to be applicable to various species of trout, and its value has been demonstrated in fishes as widely divergent as the carp, the eel, the bass, the flounder and the

"Comin' through" screamed Cracker Johnson, slashing the already frantic Ten Brush with a barbed whip. "On the rail, gangway!"

Jud Jefferson, cool as a mint julep, glanced quickly over one shoulder to make sure it was the rail the Cracker wanted. Then, with one flick of a light whip, and a word in the failing Longboy's ear, he swung ever so slightly over toward the fence.

"Gimme room, gimme room!" raged Johnson, furious.

* * *

HIS voice struck no terror in the little fellow's heart. Too late, the Cracker pulled to the outside, jumped on Ten Brush heel and toe, tooth and nail, and jammed the sorrel out toward the middle of the track. The game Ten Brush took the punish-

Strange Delicacies.

hope, and he flailed the colt's ribs in THIS is the way an Eskimo lady sits at the head of her table and dis-He reckoned without the little penses hospitality, and these are the darky. Jud gave him a lesson in fin- delicate items on her bill of fare. They were tested at first hand by an American, when in crossing Siberja colored lad to the big black's ear. at the north he had to accept native customs with what grace he might.

No matter how early one may his own kinky head weaving and lift- awaken in the morning, he will aling with the colt's. Two jumps from ways find the mistress of the house

one jump behind a nervous little bay filly. They raced this way to the first turn, with the other five bunching be-hind, fairly close up. "Judge," remarked Colonel Taylor turn, with the other five bunching behind, fairly closes us, freed the weary coit of his weight for as they fied past the stands, "I wond this fit be buy don't actually help the buy don't fair he way that Longboy was running easily with the great free wwing that make all the Longboy was running westly, with the great help the content of the westly done the way in the buy don't read the way in the buy of the husber of the way in the buy don't have been done and in the buy don't have been don't ha "Judge." remarked Colonel Taylor as they fled past the stands, "I wondu if the boy don't actually help the big colt. sittin' up front that way?"

The judge was too intent on the race to answer. Through his glasses he saw that Longboy was running he stand the standard of the work of the work a giant, little Jud literally dragged and flung the faltering Longboy under the wire, inches to the good. As little Jud jogged the leg-

The property of the first shade of the first shade

OMIN' through!" Judd Jefferson, black jock on Little Jumbo, at the rail, and Whitey Green, on Thimble, running head and head to the wire, shivered. They knew what that cry meant. Jud flung a scared glance back over his shoulder, and Green looked quickly around out of the corners of his eyes. For one fleeting instant they relaxed grips on the heads of their mounts.

"Gangway!" screamed Cracker Johnson, wildest rider of wild days on the turf. He clawed and tore at the head of Wastrel, a crazy black stallion, and literaily jammed the big love into the trace and literaily jammed the big love into the darky revived at his little darky revived at his little darky revived at his works.

"Humph." sall hunchback, 'he and the Colonel Stakes. A few days later to loue in the Colonel Stakes. A few days later colonel Taler Colonel Taler Colonel Taler Colonel Taler Colonel



JUDGE PARKER ENTERED INTO SMILING CONTROVERSY WITH

the queer numbness that had seized the barns, during which the big black his head and shoulders, b-fore he colt Longboy was let out of his stall dragged himself, broken-hearted, across and carefully appraised, Judge Parker, the track toward the barns at the head and Nub left the stables.

"You might bring the other colts

the track toward the barns at the head of the stretch.

"You might bring the other colls along, Nuh as fast as you can when the weathul opens up, but Ithink we'll pin our check on Longboy. You'd bettun stath exercisin' him on the roads and not on the Parkhurst premises and before Tod himself had heard of such a thing as a floral horseshoe or the Suburban Handicap. It was in the days when racing was the sport of kings, country gentlemen, colonels and judges, tather than the business of captains of industry impelled to cash in even on their avocations. The break was still being improved for its own sake. And wagering was for the purpose of substantiating judgment of horseftesh and gratifying pride, rather than for the feel of dollars won.

Such men as Judge Breckenridge B. Parker still were the rule on the turf. Such men as Judge Breckenridge B. Parker still were the rule on the turf. Such men as Judge Breckenridge B. Parker still were the rule on the surf. Such men as Wilson T. Willoughby, Cracker Johnson's boss, were the exceptions. Willoughby was of the world, worldly. Judge Parker was of Kentucky, horsy. "A hoss, suh," he was won to say, "is the noblest wunk of God."

One morning in early spring, before a vagrant snowstorm had picked up its streets than the belight in the transmission of the came out and thinking aloud.

A few minutes a tables. "You might bring the other cother hat as a swa can when the weathul to the transmission and other volatile stuff as new three data beat along. Nuh as fast as you can with seal which sell with the restriction in the color had been on the Parkhurst premises that, was heard to the best you can, with some three roads and on the roads and o

COL. TAYLOR OVER THE MERITS OF TEN BRUSH AND LONGBOY.



the judge for giving him haven from a to do."

It is as if," rejoined Col. Taylor, "I have knowingly precipitated my best and furf memories in beguilement of the hours. Good-natured raillery course that the case of the saddle from the race as I was fo'ced to do."

"Kuhnel," replied the judge, "I am suahly obliged. I shall do the best I was to take ca'e of myself. But you have done me a pleasant afternoon before the fireside of his old friend and neighbor, Col. Taylor, "I is as if," rejoined Col. Taylor, "I have knowingly precipitated my best and loudest friend into a lion's den." He stiffening of the lips and a colt, an' Ah's gwine ride 'at hours. Good-natured raillery course that head saddle right where Ah rides."

Col. Taylor suddenly left the judge's